

The Christian Sun.

In Essentials—Unity, in Non-Essentials—Liberty, in All Things—Charity.

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All communications, whether for publication or pertaining to matters of business, should be sent to the Editor, J. O. Atkinson, Elon College, N. C.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

John Wanamaker. One part of the business of partisan politics is to sling mud. Wherefore, for the sake of his own personal reputation, many a good man steers clear of all office holding affiliations. Possibly one of the most thoroughly consecrated, and pious, men of our time, in public life, was John Wanamaker, postmaster-general of the United States 1889-1893. Yet his name in many an ear would sound with better note had he never held office. Not that he did things morally or religiously wrong, but he had political opponents, and they said many unsavory things of him. Search this record and see.

Mr. Wanamaker was born seventy years ago this July eleventh past. He was of humble parentage and had poor advantages and scanty education. At fourteen he was hired as an errand boy in a book-store; at eighteen he left Philadelphia to "go West" to Indiana, but remained only a short time. He clerked in a retail clothing store four years and started in business for himself at twenty-three. From his youth up he was deeply religious, and when a clerk in a mercantile house, at the age of twenty, he gathered the children of the community into a little room over the store in which he worked, and began there the nucleus of a Sunday school that has grown into the largest Sunday school and Bible class in all the world, and a model of its kind for all Christendom. He is not a periodic philanthropist of later years, but has been, all his life, giving his time, means and highest daily effort to bring men and women into the better way of living. True he has contributed thousands to Christian charity, but his efforts in this behalf cover his life from early boyhood. When postmaster general, he went from Washington to Philadelphia to teach his Bible class every Sunday, unless absolutely hindered by matters of state, which was rare. The great Wanamaker stores of Philadelphia and New York are living

monuments to his remarkable ability to organize and execute, and easily made him America's "merchant prince." A Young Men's Christian Association building in India, erected with his donations, is a monument to his faith in foreign missions. Having just rounded out his three score years and ten "in health and happiness," he holds up to thousands every Sunday, in plain and simple fashion, the Word of God as the lamp of gospel truth. What a comment is such a life as this upon the silly notion of many a young man, that in order to rise in the world there is no time nor place for Sunday school and church and religious work.

No Rules for Genius. They are wondering whether Governor Johnson of Minnesota got his delightful manners, ease of bearing and suavity of speech and conduct. His father was a Swedish blacksmith who immigrated to Minnesota in the fifties, killed himself drinking, and left in poverty a widow and six children—of whom the present Governor was the eldest. The widow scrubbed at the washtub and the eldest son worked at a nearby grocery and these two supported the family, till the boy was fifteen, when he got "a raise" in the store, and made his mother quit the washtub, he supporting the entire family with his earnings. He had no opportunity of early education and culture, but ten years ago he found himself in the legislature, and since then has been twice elected governor by big majorities, though the only man on his ticket to be elected.

Where did he get those perfectly gentle manners, those easy winning ways, that manly, magnetic, personality? Genius has no rules, and brains no barriers. Where did Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, get his marvelous powers of logical analysis, and Patrick Henry, the indolent, his powers of speech to fire a continent and stir a nation to arms? There are mysteries, delightful to read and think about, but utterly impossible to analyze, comprehend or explain.

The Atlantic Squadron. Sixteen of our great and formidable battleships, forming the "white squadron," are making a magnificent display in their

ernise around the world. The fleet is expected to drop anchor in Hampton Roads the last of next February, at which they will have completely belted the globe. The fleet left our far western shores of California last week on their homeward journey and must needs sail through five seas, going by way of Honolulu, Australia and New Zealand to reach home. This is the most spectacular demonstration our navy has ever undertaken, and one of the most splendid naval displays the world ever witnessed in times of peace.

It is a very costly show. In the end, however, it may be of inestimable worth, educationally.

At Lambert's Point in the Norfolk, Virginia, harbor great sea vessels are dail yloading hundreds of tons of coal to be delivered to these dogs of war ten thousand to twenty thousand miles away. By the time the battleships complete their cruise it is estimated that they will have consumed 450,000 tons of coal. If that can be placed, freight and all, at \$3.00 per ton, Uncle Sam's coal bill alone for the cruise will be \$1,250,000. This is only one, and a comparatively small, item of the cost of the cruise. It is curious to note that while we are displaying the stripes of our navy to the nations of the world we are having to hire foreign ships to haul all this coal from our port to our ships. We have an American navy, but we haven't an American merchant marine, our goods, and even our coal, for the most part, having to be carried by foreign ships. Here is a local in a Norfolk paper of July 18: "The British steamer Strathgrye cleared yesterday for Tutuila, Samoa, with 5,500 tons of coal for the American fleet."

It always costs to "show off." But it is sometimes worth while, for the worthy and the working need the money.

Uncle Wellons is at the college again after an extended visit among former pastorates in Durham, Franklin and Vance. He attended the reorganization and dedication of the Durham church in which he continues deeply interested. No man among us is richer in the friendship and love of the brethren than Uncle Wellons.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By Rev. D. E. Millard, D.D.

In former times it was customary in the far East to preserve in houses costly garments and other articles for many generations. A knowledge of this custom helps to explain these words of Jesus: "Therefore every scribe who is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth out of his treasure things new and old." (Matt. 13:52.)

In our day the demand seems to be chiefly for the things that are new. And even in Solomon's time the question was raised: "Who will show us anything new under the sun?" From this we conclude that the love of the new is natural, and hence we may suppose that when wisely directed it cannot be wrong. But how soon the new becomes old! To the child all is new; faces and forms and voices are new, and hence life is a continuous and joyful surprise. When a man has reached the prime of life, the world has in a sense become old, and so accustomed has he become to his great surroundings, that the sun may rise and set, and the stars shine, and the seasons come and go, but they are no longer objects of wonder. The things that are daily occurring are looked upon as part of the things that have been and are yet to be. And hence it is that while the youth is full of expectancy and promise of the morning, old age, "like the tired hours of the evening," is passive and longs for repose."

Although we are in a world of impressive greatness and of almost infinite variety, yet it does not take the average person many active years to about complete the round of human experience and henceforth he must be content to travel over the same. And so life comes finally to be a repetition, and there settles down over the scene that was once new a feeling of the old and common—it is so everywhere—in the world of thought and work, in history and science—everywhere life repeats itself; and from one view it is not strange that Solomon should say at last: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

But, after all, if we look more closely into the subject we shall find that this view is one-sided. Even though we travel the same roads we have traversed before, and view the same scenes that have attracted our attention repeatedly, we may still find something new, or if not, a fresh view of old scenes may reveal a new interest. And then it may be that the old is a condition of the new; that somehow the yesterdays and the todays of life make possible its greater tomorrows.

Life's yesterdays! What meaning in those words!

They thrill the heart with sorrow or delight,

As vanished scenes return like swift-winged birds,

And bring us sunshine or a rayless night.

Soon mortal life will be one yesterday—

For, when tomorrow comes, 'twill be its close,

And we shall end its bright or darkened way

In dreary death or calm and sweet repose.

Which shall it be? With us it rests to tell;

This life is what we make it, and its end

Will bring unmeasured peace if we live well:

Unrest and pain if we to wrong shall bend.

There are certain truths old as religion itself—that can never change—old and yet always new. They are the doctrines of repentance and prayer, pardon and regeneration; doctrines that belong to the heart and to experience, rather than to reason and to philosophy, and without them we can form no conception of a spiritual and devout piety. The very words denote the internal or moral renewal of the heart and of the whole disposition of man. This is the object of one's becoming a Christian, to renounce the love of sin, and love what is good, and to practice it from motives of love to God and Christ. These fundamental truths must stand secure, whatever becomes of the various forms of human philosophy, as the groundwork of Christian character. To give them up is to give up all that is vital in religion. They constitute the very essence and spirit of the Gospel. They are of the past—the old—but they are rooted in great and blessed experiences and it is our duty to know and cherish these experiences—to keep warm and fresh this life of God in the soul.

At the same time let us study the Word of God diligently and see if we may not draw forth from this treasure-house, things new as well as old. Let us believe there is yet more light to break forth from the Word of God, and in that clearer light His glory will stand revealed and the world will be blessed.

Portland, Mich.

WINE AND CIDER.

Dear Bro. Atkinson: Will you give me space to ask this question: What are we doing with the fruit God has given us? I am one who believes in being economical, and trying to preserve the

gifts that God has given us, but I do not think it is right for men to make their apples and berries that God has given them into cider and wine and sell it to our boys and young men, thus starting them on the road to destruction.

I know cider-making is a common way of disposing of small and unsound apples; but it has been the sad economy for many farmers whose promising sons have acquired, at the cider-barrel, the craving for alcohol that has led to their destruction. But still, it is with sorrow and sadness of heart that I say, many of our church members, even our officers in the church, are making their apples into cider and selling it to our youth often to their hurt, sometimes to their ruin. And they are not only selling to our boys but to any who will buy. We do not only find men doing this in our own church, but we find them in other churches. I visited a certain Sunday school not long since. We had a very interesting lesson, and it seemed all were pretty well interested as our teacher taught to us the lesson, but school closed, and in the afternoon conversation, the question was asked, "Wonder if the prohibition law will let us make cider?" And the teacher that had just taught the young men from God's word said, "I don't know, but I am going to drink some anyway." I cannot express to you how I felt, when I thought of those noble young men who were looking to him as their leader. I could name lots of the members of our churches that are guilty of making cider, not alone for vinegar and wine that is used in other ways than taking the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. And I say without any hesitation, it is wrong. Why? Because God's Word warns us against strong drink. I am speaking to the church members, the man who claims to be following God. When we do these things, I say we are doing wrong, and God will hold us responsible.

Let us take care of our fruit in a way that will be helpful to ourselves, our boys, and our neighbors. I want every saint to think on these things. If we would succeed in getting the mote out of our brother's eye, we must first clean our own. How can we expect our boys to be sober, noble and religious ones, and we church members setting an example so far to the contrary?

Just A Boy.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Leaving the old town of Chester via the Great Western Railroad, passing through George Eliot's country, Izaak Walton's and Samuel Johnson's homes, we arrived in Leamington, a very beautiful little city and a famous watering

place. From here we made tours to the chief places of interest.

About a fifteen minutes' journey by train carries one to Kenilworth. This old castle is a beautiful picture, situated on a gently sloping hill amongst great trees and shrubbery with its huge walls, partly covered with ivy, rising above the tree-tops—though a mouldering ruin it adds beauty to the picturesque country which it surveys. The immortal genius of Sir Walter Scott has added additional charms to the old castle. The scene of his novel "Kenilworth" is laid here and amidst its very walls is where the fickle Queen Bess, the Earl of Leicester, and the unfortunate Amy Robsart figured so romantically. Perhaps no other English castle had had more varied points of contact with English history, from the stormy and semi-barbarous times of Simon de Monfort, down through the pompous and courtly luxury of the Elizabethan period, to the puritanical days of the Protectorate; while under the touch of the great novelist it has renewed its youth in our own era, and, ruin though it be, is more widely known today than any occupied mansion in the country. We might ask, "Where are thy proud guests, fair Castle, say!" "Sad echo answers, Gone, they passed away," but its history and its interest have not passed away nor will they die in coming ages.

A half an hour by rail and the little town of Stratford-on-Avon is in view. One visiting this most famous and most widely known town of all towns will undoubtedly concur with Washington Irving's expression, that the whole place is saturated with Shakesperean feeling. It is today as when the great American author sat in Red Horse Hotel and wrote the well-known and unequalled paper, "Stratford-on-Avon." Everything is Shakesperean from beginning to end—a Shakesperean depot, Shakesperean hotels, restaurants, bars, stables, bicycles, and dogs. Shakespeare's head is a trade mark for the whole town and one does not escape the imprint of this head upon his mind when he visits the place. There are many things of interest in this little town, but the visitor refuses to see anything which has not to do with the great dramatist. Stratford-on-Avon has an ancient and noteworthy history, but it is not for these things that the town has become noted in the world's history: it is because within its boundaries William Shakespeare was born and died.

The house in which the immortal bard first saw the light of day is a plain-looking old half-timbered building. There are three rooms on the ground floor. Walking up a little narrow, winding, wooden staircase one enters the room

where Shakespeare was born. The walls are completely covered with names and inscriptions in every language. Amongst the most notable names in the visitors' book are those of Byron, Scott, Washington Irving, George IV., William IV., Duke of Wellington, and Charles Dickens. The house is now used as a museum.

Next to the birthplace in point of interest are the walls of Holy Trinity Church. Just as we enter the church we find to the right a parish register in which an entry of Shakespeare's baptism and burial was made. Also near this there is a chained Bible. In the south corner a beautiful stained glass window representing the seven ages of man greets the eye. This was erected to the poet's memory by his American admirers and so is called the American Window. But the great point of interest in the church is in the chancel within the rail of the sanctuary. That we approach pensively and with a peculiar feeling all the while creeping over us. For there lies the body—the dust of the great poet, and, surmising for a moment the great depth of his soul and the great power of his genius—that wonderful influence he has wielded—I say, when we think of this, we can hardly realize that such a man lived amongst men and is there buried with them! But there is his grave and there is the narrow slab bearing the quaint inscription, which the poet himself wrote:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,
To Digg the dust enloased heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Next to his grave on the left side is that of his wife, on right, their daughter, and on the left wall just above it there is a monument, the bust of which was sculptured within a few years of the poet's death and which is accepted as a fairly authentic likeness.

The Shakespeare Memorial Building is a handsome structure, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Avon not far above the church where he lies buried. It contains an interesting collection of books, manuscripts, paintings, and other objects illustrating the life and writings of the poet.

The last place, but by no means the least of interest, is the old cottage in which lived Ann Hathaway, and where in days past the youthful and amorous Shakespeare might often have been seen in the role of an ardent wooer. A never-ending stream of tourists and visitors is attracted to this, the most easily recognized scene of the poet's life; nothing has changed here, the cottage, the thatched roof, and even the furniture within, is as it was in 1582. It is a

delightful walk through the meadows and lanes out to this little home in the woods. Never before had I appreciated the love of the many poets for the lark until we on this walk saw them "rising and singing." The English lark may be compared to our "king of birds"—indeed, it may have a sweeter song.

The source of the inspirations of Shakespeare's genius has ever been and will ever remain a marvel to the intellectual world. We follow him wondering from what fount he drew his knowledge, where he learned to play with such unapproachable grandeur upon the gamut of human passion, how he won his wistful sympathies with the joys and sorrows of all peoples and of all times, and whence he grasped that power of sagacity by which he has depicted the principles, the emotions, and the affections of men, in every period of their life and in every degree. Though we cannot answer, yet there are many things which illustrate the beginning—the genesis of his genius—and these are the surroundings, the scenes amidst which his thoughts and imaginations had their birth. His Avon home is here, with face but little changed from what it was in his time; the same woods and dales which were haunted by all the fairy crowd; the old roads upon which Falstaff ranged his ragged crew; and too, here are still the same meadows, woods, and lanes—the scenes in which he gleaned that subtle knowledge of the sights and sounds and hidden beauties of nature. The history of Warwick, his county, must have stirred the imagination of his youth.

This Shakespeare country is a beautiful land, a truly "English" region of hedges, fields, and glorious woods—of silent streams and broad river-courses, of lovely vales and rustic villages. And we would believe that when the great poet came home—came home to these his native scenes—from the gait of the court and the turmoil of the town, that he voiced his own thoughts in the musings of the Duke in "As You Like It:"

"Hath not old custom made this life
more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not
these woods
More free from peril than the envious
court?"

And this our life exempt from public
haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
ning brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every-
thing.

Act II, Scene I."

A. C. Hall.

Oxford, England, June 29, 1908.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

"Lean Christians own Bibles but feed on newspapers." Whoever said that knew something and spoke a parable.

The Suffolk Christian Sunday school chartered two boats and carried over 1,100 pupils, teachers and their friends on their annual excursion and picnic to Ocean View last Thursday.

All lovers of literature in particular will greatly enjoy Mr. A. C. Hall's letter in this issue written from and about Shakespeare's home at Stratford, England.

Alexander Hamilton rose to true heights when in speaking of Americans he said: "It is ours to be either the grave in which the hopes of the world shall be entombed, or the pillars of cloud which shall pilot the race onward to millennial glory."

Norfolk Virginian Pilot, July 18: "Rev. J. O. Cox, pastor of the South Norfolk Christian Church, has been recalled to the pastorate of that church for the ensuing year. It is quite probable that he will accept, but has not announced his decision, which he will do, however, at the Sunday morning service."

Rev. C. C. Jones, Enon, Ohio, expresses a desire to return to the South, should a church, or churches, desire his services. Bro. Jones graduated at Elon several years ago, since which time he has been actively engaged in the pastorate to which he has given his entire time and energy. Mail addressed to him at Enon, Ohio, will reach him.

We regret exceedingly that the program of the Eastern North Carolina Sunday School Convention, and the railroad notice in connection with the Eastern Virginia Convention, did not reach us till the paper had gone to press last week. It is impossible to print important notices and programs in time unless they are sent us in time. We always give right of way to these when they arrive—but cannot print them until they do arrive.

In the name of our inland churches and Sunday schools we envy the congregations and schools along the rivers, and about Norfolk in particular. Last week the Suffolk Christian Sunday school, and the South Norfolk Christian Sunday school, had excursions by boat and picnics on the beach. What a privilege and a joy must such excursions on the water be. The inland school has no substitute for this, and no near approach to it, unless it be a picnic near a mill pond where the fishing is good.

Dr. Staley's subjects at the Suffolk Christian Church last Sunday were: morning, Knowing and Trusting God. 2 Tim. 1:12. Evening, Three Spheres of Power, Luke 5:25.

Rev. P. S. Sailer, former pastor of Norfolk Memorial Church, occupied Rev. M. L. Bryant's pulpit at the Main Street Christian Church, Berkley, Va., last Sunday evening, at which service two deacons for the church were ordained.

Norfolk Landmark, Sunday, 19: "Rev. J. O. Cox, pastor of South Norfolk Christian Church, who had in charge the recent moonlight excursion to Old Point and the Capes, for the benefit of that church, reports that they will realize about \$70 net from the outing."

Count Zeppelin, the famous aeronaut, made another flight in a new airship recently above the waters of the beautiful lake Constance, at Friedrichshafen, Germany. He manoeuvred for half an hour in the air, executing circles and short turns at full speed in the most satisfactory manner. The airship obtained an estimated speed of thirty-one miles an hour, and remained in the air all together an hour and a half.—Ex.

Verily "the world do move." The United States Brewers' Association at their recent meeting pledged to use their best endeavor to abolish the immoral saloon, and to work for the temperate use of intoxicants. Well, if they work to abolish the immoral saloon they will work to abolish all saloons, for we have never seen a "moral" saloon. Evidently the brewers are alarmed. And well they may be.

President Roosevelt, by proclamation, has changed the name of San Jacinto National Forest in southern California to Cleveland National Park, this for the reason that "President Cleveland was one of the first to recognize the need of forest preservation and the creation of the San Jacinto and other forest reserves, with a total area of 25,686,320 acres, was one of the results of his foresight in this direction."

Rev. L. F. Johnson, having signified a decision for a change, our Greensboro church is looking for a pastor for next Conference year. It is an important field, and one of much and growing importance. We trust our Greensboro brethren will be happy and fortunate in choosing a successor to Bro. Johnson. A good work has been begun there, and one that has been prosecuted with energy and enthusiasm. May the mantle heretofore so worthily worn fall on broad and strong shoulders.

Seven miners were killed, and ten

others injured, in a terrific mine explosion near Pottsville, Pa., July 15.

Dr. Osler is sixty years old and is still doing great and good work. So far he has not been chloroformed—and here is hoping he will not be despite his own advice.

President Roosevelt's youngest daughter, Miss Ethel, celebrated her eighteenth anniversary last Saturday, 18th inst. She is to make her debut in society at Washington the coming season.

A number of railroad presidents and other officials met in New York last week, and after consultation it was given out that freight rates on many roads would be increased about Sept. 1.

The Philippine Assembly, by a vote of 57 to 17, wants immediate independence. We presume the people of the United States, even by a large majority, wish they were ready for it—and had it.

Guiseppe Alia, the Italian who murdered Priest Leo Heinrichs, of the order of Franciscan Monks, while he was administering the holy communion in St. Elizabeth's Church, Denver, Co., Feb. 23, was hanged for his crime July 15.

The National Prohibition Convention has been in session in Columbus, O., the past week, and Eugene M. Chafin, of Chicago was nominated for President of the United States, Aaron S. Watkins, Vice-President. There were 1,087 votes cast in the convention, and much enthusiasm.

John W. Kern, on his return from Denver to Indianapolis, Ind., his home town, was given a very patriotic reception, members of all parties doing honor to their townsman who had been honored at Denver as the Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency. Vice-President Fairbanks made the principal address of welcome and congratulation. Four years ago Mr. Kern paid the same honor to Mr. Fairbanks who had just been similarly honored by his party. This is fellowship in politics.

The advertisement of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts appears in another column. This college has courses of instruction in Agriculture, 94 students; Civil Engineering, 103 students; Electrical Engineering, 116 students; Mechanical Engineering, 79 students; Cotton Manufacturing, Chemistry, and Dyeing, 50 students. Besides the regular four-year courses there are short courses and special courses in Machine Work, Drawing and Designing, Carding and Spinning, Weaving, Cloth Analysis, Agriculture, and Dairying. Next session begins September 2, 1908. For catalogue, etc., address The President, West Raleigh, N. C.

ROANOKE, ALABAMA.

Dear Brother Atkinson: I have had the privilege of reading several good letters from home in The Sun recently. But on looking through my paper last week I failed to find anything from this way, so I decided I would try to write again. I am a poor writer but I do love to read The Sun, especially when it contains news, and find some from home. The protracted meeting season for the country churches is now here, and as God has blessed us with sunshine and rain and good crops and as we have worked hard to make our crops, we expect to reap abundantly if God blesses us till reaping time. Have we been as earnestly engaged in working for the salvation of souls as we have been in working to make good crops? If we have, God will do his part and we may expect to reap abundantly in his kingdom.

If we have all done our part we can expect to have just such meetings as are reported that Brother Young had at La Grange. Thank God for such earnest workers as Brother Young, and Brother Milam, our pastor at Rock Springs. Brother Milam is another hard worker, and we expect Brother Young with him at Rick Springs. We are expecting a good meeting.

I had the privilege of visiting my old neighbors and friends at Bethany recently. Brother C. W. Carter is pastor and he is loved much by the people of this church. Bro. Carter, preached on Saturday and we had a good service, though the congregation was small. I preached on Saturday night and we had a good service. Brother Carter preached again on Sunday. He preached a fine sermon and everybody enjoyed the service. God bless the faithful few at Bethany.

Brethren, write often for The Sun.

J. D. Dollar.

WEDOWEE, ALABAMA.

I will give a few words from my field, as it has been some time since I have written. I think my field is in very good shape, considering the kind of an overseer it has. But then, you know, success does not altogether depend on the overseer, especially in church work. He may plan but others must execute. But the greatest measure of success is always attained when there is harmony and co-operation on the part of planner and executor.

All my churches have live Sunday schools. At Corinth the school is flourishing under the superintendency of Bro. J. C. Harris, who has a few faithful ones to stand by and encourage him in his noble task. Here we have a small

band of earnest workers to execute plans. Conference assessments are already assured.

Noonday.—Here, under the leadership of Bro. J. W. Payne, the Sunday school is doing good work, but not as much as if all the members would give their presence and encouragement. We have not taken the June collection here yet but will at our next appointment. Bros. J. Lankford and J. W. Hughes were with me there the fourth Sunday in June. Bro. A. A. West was ordained after one of the best sermons we ever heard by Bro. Lankford from the text: "The word of God is not bound." This church has recently sustained an almost irreparable loss in the death of Bro. W. W. Elder, who was one of the best men I ever knew. Memorial resolutions will be sent to Sun soon.

New Harmony.—Here we have a new and thriving school under the management of Bro. A. A. West with Bro. W. D. Mitchell assistant. Bro. E. M. Carter and I exchanged appointments last Sunday, he going to New Harmony and I to Mt. Zion. I should be satisfied to know that Bro. Carter enjoyed himself half so well as I did, for it was indeed a treat to me to be with and to again worship with this good people. Ties from past associations have been formed that nothing but death can sever.

Under the leadership of Sister Susie Moon and Sister John Sledge the amount of \$44 was secured with very little effort for the purpose of painting the church building, which they wish to have ready by the first Sunday in August. Ten years ago it would have taken six months to have raised that much money for one thing. So you see our people are waking up to the importance of doing things instead of eternally talking things.

My field, as I see it, is in fairly good condition. Protracted meeting season is near at hand and I sincerely hope that every member will arm himself to make a strong and fearless charge on satan's hosts and that many may be transferred to the Master's kingdom.

More anon.

C. M. Dollar.

Wedowee, Ala., R. No. 2.

HOLLAND ITEMS.

Rev. Bro. Wicker, of Elon, N. C., passed through our place last week, stopping only a short time with Bro. Newman, the pastor of the church here. I barely had time to speak with him, only had a shake of his hand, hoping to see him again. But his visit was so brief I saw him no more, and in all probability will never meet him again in this pres-

ent life. He is, I suppose, working in the interest of Elon College. But learning I suppose we were about to establish a collegiate institute here, which would keep our boys and girls from Elon College, two more years, he did not press his mission.

I was saddened by hearing of the death of Mr. Richard Duke, a somewhat aged and afflicted man. He had moved to our place only a year or two ago, supposing he could do better working at his carpenter trade, than working on his farm. His health had been poor for a year or two, but hoping to regain health, and make a better success of his business, he had located in our village. He died Friday and was buried at his old home near here. Bro. Newman, the pastor of the church here, was called to administer words of comfort to the sorrowing.

Friday, 10th last, was a real cool, rainy day here—cool enough to make fire feel comfortable, especially for an old man like myself. And some of our neighbors I learn did have fire, and enjoyed it, especially when freed from the drenching showers and chilling breeze. But on Saturday the rain had ceased, and we had it warm again, and it continues quite warm.

On Saturday there was political speaking here. Hon. Mr. Cabell was the speaker. He is a candidate for Congress. I did not go out to hear his speech. I take no special interest in politics. Those who were out to hear his speech speak well of it.

Yesterday (second Sunday) was preaching day here. As usual, Bro. Newman gave us two sermons, at 11 o'clock in the morning, at 8 o'clock at night. The congregation was good at both services. Bro. Newman addressed us in his usual earnest, impressive style, and the congregation seemed to give serious, prayerful attention. The song service was a very helpful and enjoyable part of our service. Much attention is being given to that part of our worship now. Indeed it is not only a most helpful, but a most enjoyable part of our worship.

Mr. Ed. McClenney, a relative of mine from South Carolina, is here. He seems to be here on a special trip. I am not prepared to state as to his success.

R. H. Holland.

The United States government has sued the Jamestown Exposition Company for \$897,853.57, this being a balance due for the million dollar loan.

Argo Red Salmon is the famous Red Salmon of the North, caught in Alaska's icy waters. There is no better salmon packed.

LETTER FROM OXFORD.

Yesterday, when I came to lunch and found two copies of *The Christian Sun*, the first I had seen since the 28th of May, the feeling was pretty much the same as that which comes over one upon suddenly meeting a long absent friend.

Nothing impressed me so much with the vast expanse of the Atlantic ocean as the awful hush it puts upon the hurry, bustle and noise of the throbbing, restless life of the American continent. Except for the slim intelligence of that continent and its doing that one gathers from the British papers, it is days and days before any detailed account of the lesser events can reach this side.

This fact accounts, in some measure, for the ignorance here of the real doings of the American people and also our ignorance there, of the real life and events here. Even with ocean cables and hundreds of big steam-ships linking the two countries, the great majority of us in England and America are unacquainted and will always remain so. The little book, "English Traits," written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, when, in the prime of young manhood, he visited England, has a meaning to me now, that I never saw behind the lines before.

I pass pretty well for an Englishman but have been mistaken once for a New Yorker and once or twice for a Connecticut Yankee. It is impossible for the average Englishman to conceive of the stupendous scale of the American continent, and the corresponding scale on which things are done there. So it is impossible for the average American, who has not seen England, to conceive of the beauty of the landscape, the excellence and permanence of the roads, and the absence of crime, accidents, and the like noted in the newspapers.

Where there is enough under one's observation every day to fill a letter for *The Christian Sun*, it is not easy to decide what to write about once in a week. Perhaps some account of our visit to the ancient town of Woodstock might be of interest. Woodstock is eight miles north from Oxford. Last Thursday, in company with Mr. A. C. Hall, I spent a good part of the afternoon there. We took an omnibus at Carfax, the principal street crossing in Oxford, about ten o'clock, taking seats on top, for the morning was clear, the air cool and pleasant, winter apparel not being too heavy, and the sunshine glorious. The hedges, of which there are many, and the few trees here and there, in rich green foliage, were musical with numerous sweet-singing birds.

After three miles, we left the omnibus

and walked the remaining five. We had seen many piles of crushed stone along the highways in the parts of England already visited as if for repairing or widening the roads, which are as smooth and solidly macadamized as the streets of our cities. On our way, we came upon two men with hammers breaking up a heap of large stones. We stopped and talked with them a few minutes, and found that all this crushed stone we had seen had not been ground through a stone crushing machine as we supposed but had been broken by hand just as this was being done. "How are you paid for this work?" I asked. "By the ton," one replied. "How much per ton?" "Eighteen pence (thirty-six cents), and very 'ard (the English drop the initial "h") work," he responded.

Farther on our way, about two miles before coming to Woodstock, we passed a pretentious farm house, stone; with stone barns, large, and many of them; stone fencing everywhere. On the lawn by the roadside lay two laborers eating their lunch of bread and beer. "Is all this vast estate one farm?" we inquired. "Yes, sir." "Who owns it?" "The Duke of Marlborough," was the reply. "Does he own all the land between here and Woodstock?" "Yes, pretty much all the land for two or three miles around the town, and what he does not own belongs, with few exceptions, to Oxford University." "How does the Duke rent his land?" I asked. "So much per acre. The rents through this section range from fifty to sixty shillings (\$12.50 to \$15.00) per acre," responded the laborer. The fields were in grass and wheat, the wheat just beginning to head out. Haymaking was on, and hundreds of tons were being harvested on the adjoining fields. The air was sweet with the odor of new-mown hay. "In a country where so much hay is grown, I suppose the price is low," I said. "The price ranges from five to six pounds per ton (\$25.00 to \$30.00," was the answer.

We arrived at our destination about one o'clock, having had a most interesting and enjoyable walk.

Two things make Woodstock interesting. The first thing is its history, and the second is that it is the residence of the present Duke of Marlborough, whose residence, Blenheim Palace, is said to be the finest private residence in all England. I was shown through this palace but will reserve the account for another letter, together with description of the magnificent park, twelve miles in circumference, in which it stands.

This old town, Woodstock, was once the home of English kings. Edward the Black Prince was born here. The house

is still there, belongs to Oxford University, and is occupied by a farmer, Mr. William Haynes. I was shown the room in which the Black Prince was born. Chaucer lived in the town once also. His residence was visited, and is occupied now by a physician. Queen Elizabeth, when a girl, was imprisoned here in the lodge over the gateway to the royal manor, by her sister Queen Mary. But, perhaps, the greater interest in the town to me, is in the fact that it is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's historical romance "Woodstock." Here were enacted the scenes so graphically portrayed in that story. The powerful character portrait of Oliver Cromwell, the knightly Sir Henry Lee, a life-size oil portrait of whom is in the art gallery of the Bodlian Library, Oxford, and the wild, romantic, chivalric character Wildrake,—all these and the other characters, especially the beautiful Alice Lee, come to one with renewed vividness.

W. P. Lawrence.

Oxford, England, July, 1908.

HAIL, SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS, A DOSE OF "OUGHTS" FOR YOU.

A Sunday school superintendent:

Ought to subscribe to the best Sunday school literature published from other houses as well as his own.

He ought to take enough time, it matters not how busy he is, to, at least, sketch his literature and cull out all matter of value to his school.

He ought to put in force, as far as practicable, all methods for Sunday school advancement.

He ought to arrive at the Sunday school room at least twenty minutes before the Sunday school hour, there to pray alone to God, select his hymns, study the chart for a lecture, draw diagrams or acrostics on black-boards, and prepare everything in general for the Sunday school.

He ought to have a special program every Sunday.

If his primary department is not organized, he ought to give the children special place on the program,—for song, for prayer and the reading of God's Word.

He ought to give music a special place on the program and teach his school to sing songs effectively, and sing one new song every Sunday. If he can't do this himself, he ought to get some one else to make the effort for him.

He ought to lecture the school frequently if not every Sunday on some salient truths of the lesson or on something for the good of the school.

He ought to see that all classes are

properly graded, having no pupil in one class who should be in another.

He ought to have a conference with all his teachers at least once per month. This is essential to the best welfare of the school. Teachers and superintendent must understand one another thoroughly or there will be friction with every advanced step.

He ought to have, or die in the attempt, a teacher-training class in his school.

He ought to see that his school has a Cradle Roll and a Home Department.

He ought to have a "Decision Day" occasionally and bring the little ones to Jesus. This is the whole purpose of the Sunday school.

These are a few doses I leave with you. Take one three times a day in a little blood of Jesus Christ. After each dose, rest in prayer for five minutes. When you have taken all, report your condition to the Lord.

H. E. Rountree.

Waverly, Va., July 11, 1908.

PROGRAM OF EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION, YOUNGSVILLE, N. C., JULY 21-23, 1908.

First Day—Morning.

9:30—Song Service, led by J. H. Morison.

9:45—Devotional Exercises, conducted by E. M. Newman.

10:00—Address of Welcome by the pastor of Youngsville Church.

10:15—Response, J. Milton Banks.

10:30—Enrollment of Delegates.

10:45—President's Annual Address, Prof. S. M. Smith.

11:30—Appointment of Committees. Miscellaneous Business.

12:00—Dinner.

First Day—Afternoon.

Theme—Teacher Training.

1:30—Song Service, led by Geo. M. McCullers.

1:45—Report of Committee on Teacher Training, Rev. Herbert Scholz, Chairman.

Symposium:—

2:00—"The Kind of Teacher Training We Need," Rev. Herbert Scholz.

2:30—"A Lesson in Teacher Training Illustrated (Blackboard)," Prof. W. A. Harper.

3:00—"The Teacher's Qualifications," Rev. W. G. Clements.

3:30—Round Table—"The Sunday School Teacher," Prof. S. M. Smith.

4:15—Adjournment.

Second Day—Morning.

Theme: Class Organization.

9:30—Song Service, led by J. B. King.

9:45—Religious Exercises, conducted by R. C. Underwood.

Symposium:—

10:00—"What Class Organization Means," Prof. Geo. T. Whitaker.

10:30—"The Adult Bible Class Movement," Rev. A. T. Banks.

11:00—"Will It Work in My Field?" Rev. W. G. Clements, J. D. Wicker, Herbert Scholz, A. P. Barbee.

11:45—Address, Hon. W. W. Kitchen, Governor-elect of North Carolina.

Second Day—Afternoon.

Theme: Primary Work.

1:30—Song Service, led by A. P. Strickland.

1:45—"Equipment Necessary in Primary Work," Miss Valeria Alston.

2:15—"The Ideal Primary Department," Prof. S. M. Smith.

2:45—"Primary Work in My Churches," Rev. J. D. Wicker, R. C. Underwood, H. Scholz, A. P. Barbee, W. G. Clements.

3:15—"Childhood and Its Possibilities," Prof. W. A. Harper.

3:45—Annual Meeting of the Primary Union.

4:00—Miscellaneous Business and Closing.

THIRD DAY—MORNING.

Theme: Organization and Expansion.

9:30—Song Service, in charge of Music Committee.

9:45—Devotional Service, Rev. A. T. Banks.

10:00—"Report of Committee on Organization and Expansion," Rev. J. L. Foster, Chairman.

10:30—"The Sunday School Work of the Southern Christian Convention," Prof. S. M. Smith.

11:00—"The Needs of the Work in This Conference and How They Can Be Met," Revs. J. W. Patton, A. P. Barbee, C. E. Newman.

11:30—Address, "Broader View of the Sunday School Work," Mr. N. P. Broughton.

12:15—Dinner.

Third Day—Afternoon.

Theme: Sunday School Music.

1:30—Song Service, in charge of Music Committee.

1:45—Report of Music Committee, J. H. Moring, Chairman.

2:00—Address, "Music: Its Place in Religious Services," Rev. C. E. Newman.

2:30—"Our Sunday School Music and How to Improve It," Revs. A. P. Barbee and J. W. Patton.

3:00—Musical, in charge of the Music Committee, assisted by Miss Ethel Clements.

3:30—"After This Convention, What?" Open Discussion.

4:00—Closing Words.

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

To all the Sunday Schools of the Eastern Virginia Conference:

All delegates to the Sunday School Convention which meets at Antioch Church, Windsor, Va., July 22, 23, and 24, are requested to be present the first session and arrange to stay the whole convention if possible. Those coming by rail from the east will make connection with No. 3 N. & W. which leaves Suffolk a few minutes after eight o'clock. Get off at Windsor and there you will be transferred to the church. Remember that this is the only train bound west stopping at Windsor except at night.

Those coming from the west will make connection with No. 16 N. & W. train leaving Waverly at 8:07 a. m. This is the only east bound train stopping at Windsor except at night.

Let every pastor see that these announcements are made in the schools of his charge.

H. E. Rountree, Cor. Sec.

Waverly, Va., July 11, 1908.

PRAYER.

Prayer is not merely asking; it is communion, fellowship, the intermingling of our life with God's life; conversation with the All-Father. Sometimes it is merely listening to Him. "Be still, and know that I am God," is prayer. "O that I might know where I might find Him!" is prayer. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still," is prayer. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant is listening," is prayer. A boy asks of his father a nickel to ride to school in the morning because he is late, and he gets it. Returning in the afternoon, after supper he sits down by his father in the flickering firelight and tells the story of his school day; his successes, his failures, his temptations, his struggles, victories and defeats, the good times he has had and the disappointments he has suffered, and the injustices which have been inflicted upon him, and how he has carried himself in them all; and his father simply listens and scarcely says a word, and at the end of the half-hour's communing with the boy, who has asked for nothing but has received the inflow of his father's life, goes to his bed rested, refreshed, invigorated, ready to take up the duties and joys of the next day with a new spirit. Thus to tell to our Father the story of our life experiences, and receive from our Father something of the greatness of his own nature to fit us for what lies before us, is prayer. To deny the possibility of such prayer is to deny an experience as old and as universal as humanity. "Pray without ceasing."—Edward Judson, in the Examiner.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

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J. O. Atkinson, Editor and Publisher.

Important Notice.—As readers will see, The Christian Sun is now published at Greensboro, N. C. The office of publication there is 302½ South Elm Street. Our editorial office, however, remains at Elon College, N. C., to which all letters and communications to the Editor should be addressed, as heretofore.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

To him who looks indifferently upon the performance it is a very easy and quite meaningless one, this of a soul making public confession of Christ. For a person to "decide for Christ," go forward to the altar of prayer and remain there for a season, or to come on invitation, and extend the right hand in token that the soul has truly repented, and found peace in believing, all that seems to the onlooker easy enough, and all too simple and silly to really mean much. But to the heart that is repentant, and to the soul that is really sincere, the task is not easy, and the performance deeply significant.

On this act which seems so easy destiny hangs. It has been the parting of the ways for thousands and tens of thousands. It has been the period at which the best men and women we know faced about, and began a new course which has led to their present attainment in things spiritual and divine. It may not mean much for you, it means all the world—and the hope of the future—to them. Easy! To stay away and to resist is easy. To fling all the future into the consuming flame of a moment is never easy. It looks easy, but future and destiny hang on it, and it is not easy.

Meaningless and insignificant? Hardly. The deepest experience of millions began right there. More of the world's righteousness, joy, peace, patience, sweet fellowship began there, in and from that act, than ever had beginning elsewhere. Meaningless? It may seem so to you; nothing ever had greater meaning to the millions who made their decision thus and there, and from henceforth, because of that decision thus and there, sought to make the world better and

happier, and to relieve it of its sin and suffering. Nothing helps the character to strength and straightforwardness like coming to the point, and making a definite decision. Christianity makes weak men strong, and foolish men wise for this reason. It calls for, and insists upon, a decision. It brings one to a point. It faces him with a fact. It calls for all that is best in him to rise up now and decide this once. He has never had a great decision before of any sort. He has drifted along with the current. Now he summons his strength and risks all on a decision. That gives new life. It strikes new courage. It awakes new energy. It floods with new hope. It fills with new promise. Confessing Christ is meaningless? It has more meaning than ought else, and than all else under high heaven.

If it had been easy, insignificant and meaningless our Lord Christ would never have commanded it. Listen at the straightforwardness, and the certainty, of the words that ring like a clarion call through the ages: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father also which is in heaven." And then again, as Paul wrote, "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Destiny and duty hang on confession, hence our revealed Word insists again and again upon this very act.

And there is reason more than this.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AWAKENING.

Whether the awakening has come, or is to come, need not detain us now. It is just a bare fact that in proportion to results achieved, intelligent energy involved and money spent, the Sunday school, with the possible exception of the church, has accomplished more than any other institution known to man. It has done more to awaken, and cultivate, an early conscience, to teach and inculcate Bible truths, and to interest men and women in things that make for righteousness, than any and all other institutions combined, besides the church.

And it has come to this: You do not get many into the church of our day save those who have been, and are being taught in the Sunday school. Mark it, wherever you hear of a good revival this summer, and many additions to the church, you may put it down that the Sunday school in that community has been getting in its work.

No wonder there is a growing demand for trained teachers in the Sunday schools. Think for a moment of the

tremendous weight of responsibility upon these teachers and it at once becomes apparent that trained teachers for the Sunday schools are essentials. No wonder that denominations are directing much time, thought and study to this one thing: that the Sunday schools shall have trained teachers. Books are being published, pamphlets issued and scholarly addresses delivered on Teacher Training. This accounts for the awakening, the beginning of which we have scarcely yet seen and felt.

FIELD AND FARM.

So reports come that, in this year of grace, we shall have, in these United States, nothing now unforeseen preventing, the most abundant and valuable harvest of all the things that grow on the farm that our country has ever produced. All of which makes the heart glad.

Everybody loves a farm. Some love it theoretically, some practically, but all love it. Never have seen man yet who did not. All great men were reared on the farm, or own a farm, or had a father or grand-father who did. Poor men want a farm to make a living on; rich men have farms to spend money on and to tell their friends about. Young men reared on the farm rush to town to make money to buy a farm with: and men in town hope some day to own a farm to retire to in old age. Either because man is made of the dust of the earth and is, therefore, akin by natural ties to the soil, or because he hopes and expects to lay his body down to his mother earth to sleep the long sleep,—for one reason or the other every man loves the soil and has an inherent desire to cultivate it, or to own it for some one else to cultivate.

So the whole world is glad when there is a bountiful crop, and the same world is sad when flood or drought or calamity destroys, and the earth fails to yield her increase.

All of which is another way of saying that God lays claim to universal man. Through the blue bending sky, the fallowed fields, the waving grain, the refreshing shower, the wholesome sunshine, God appeals to the heart, the admiration and the love of man. He invites us with the fulness, the freedom and the favor of His gifts that we, as children, may learn to love the Giver.

Men in their superficial nature love the field and farm, because in their deeper nature they do, or they should, love the Father, the Creator of these fields and the real producer of these crops. This love of farm and field is the deep of Nature's voice calling to the deep of man's heart. God never has relaxed His claim on the heart of universal man.

SUFFOLK LETTER.

It seems that religious life is influenced by external and material causes. Spiritual interest and Christian activity reach high tide in the cities in the winter time; but spiritual interests are highest in the country in summer time. The physical condition must, in some measure, produce these different results. This, however, must not be carried too far, lest we conclude that religion may depend entirely upon physical conditions and environment. In that case religion in the human soul would be no more than contraction and expansion in metals under the action of heat and cold. I did not say that religious life is produced by external and material causes, but that religious life seems to be influenced by such causes. Religious life, no doubt, exists in the city in the summer, and in the country in the winter; but its manifestation, its activity, are effected by the seasons. In the winter physical conditions are more favorable for all sorts of activity in the city. People are closer together, streets are better for travel, air is in good condition, and it is easy to be comfortable. Hard weather does not interfere with intercourse and labor. In the winter conditions are reversed in the country. Bad roads, long distances, rainy weather, ice and snow, all make going difficult and uncomfortable. Horses and vehicles are exposed to hard weather conditions. Days are short. Meetings are often prevented by the weather. As soon as hot days come these conditions are reversed. The city air is more stagnant, the pavements, furnaces, houses all increase heat and decrease pure atmosphere. People become sluggish, indifferent. There is no spiritual hunger. In fact the winter has surfeited them. They long for rest, recreation, country, seaside, mountains; anything for change. The people in the country, shut up during the winter, are touched by the activity of nature, the pure air coming over field, meadow, forest, and river; and they hunger for the house of the Lord and thirst for His Word. Then it is you have your "big meetings," your "great revivals," your large congregations, and sinners are swept into the kingdom. This does not mean that city people are sinners in the summertime and country people sinners in the winter time; it means that religious manifestations vary with physical conditions. In some sections the rivers seem to be long strips of ice in the winter and running streams in the summer; but the river is water through the whole year; but water in different conditions. Religion is religion in winter time and in summer time; in the city and in the

country; when it is quiet and still and when it roars and foams over precipices of joy.

In fact one may say that religion has three conditions: (a) Conscious, (b) unconscious, (c) subconscious. There are times when religious experience is so vivid, so active, as to produce a conscious knowledge of faith and feeling of joy in Christ. When Thomas saw the Lord and heard him say, "Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side," etc., and then answered, "My Lord and my God," he was conscious of his spiritual relation to Christ. When Elijah fled from Jezebel and lay under the juniper tree and wanted to die he was unconscious of the deep spiritual fountain that divine love had sealed up in his soul. When Stephen and all the martyrs of the first Christian centuries were surrendering their lives for the faith there was a subconscious stream of faith and hope and purpose flowing beneath their heroic service, like that current that flowed through timid souls of the disciples when they followed Jesus "afar off." Underneath all the decadence, the fiery trial, the apparent indifference of the church through the centuries there has been an undercurrent, a subconscious flow like that warm current that flows underneath what seems to be a river of ice. When discouraged in church work and by apparent inactivity in the church, I love to think of that hidden stream.

W. W. Staley.

Prof. Harper begins in September a weekly contribution to the Herald of Gospel Liberty on the Lesson for Next Sunday.

Many a heart will be filled with gratitude to God on hearing that the editor's children are beginning to show evidences of recovery.

Many enjoy the Holland Letter of our beloved and aged Brother Holland. God's aged servants have always been a benediction to the young.

With sincere regret we announce the death of Mrs. B. F. Clayton at Yellow Springs, Ohio, July 9. Her father was Rev. Dr. James Maple.

While the editor has done most of the writing for The Sun, although at the bedside of his sick children, anything for the past two weeks below the usual standard may be placed to the credit of his supply.

President Moffitt returned from the Valley of Virginia this week. He is prosecuting a vigorous canvass, having seven or eight men in the field, and encouraging reports continue to come in from all.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter, Lesson IV. July 26, 1908. Saul Rejected by the Lord. 1 Sam. 15.

Golden Text.—"Jehovah our God will we serve, and unto his voice will we hearken." Joshua 24:24.

It is not clear at what time in the history of Saul's life the episode of this chapter occurred. It might have taken place at almost any time during his reign, since the faults of character accounted for were from the outset. He always seemed to act from impulse and failed to take God into account in a definite way. The lesson teaches

Two Rejections.

1. Saul rejected the Lord. Saul did what might be considered making "trifling slips" or innocent departures." When Samuel, the Lord's representative, was delayed Saul was not sure but went ahead and sacrificed burnt offerings. Later he went against the Amalakites, destroying them, but instead of sacrificing the spoils unto Jehovah, allowed the Israelites to keep for their own individual use the property taken.

This was rejecting the Lord and proving:

Man's Insufficiency to Direct His Steps.

A great deal has been written for and against the freedom of the human will. Some have contended that man is a machine, and moves only as he is acted upon. In connection with this it is taught that all things are inevitably fixed, and all things happen of necessity. It must be seen that this at once destroys man's responsibility and lays the cause of all events at the foot of God's throne. Nothing is more clear, than the Scriptures everywhere treat man as a free moral agent. God addresses him as such; as such he calls him to consider, to return, to repent, to believe and to obey him. On this principle, he threatens punishment and offers rewards, and God says to every man, "If thou doest well." Now while all this is true, yet it is quite clear that all the movements of man are under the providential government of God. God has the hearts of all men in his hand, and all their ways under his disposal. In this sense the ways of a man are not in himself.

2. The Lord rejected Saul. Saul rejected God because he preferred his own plans. Saul was rejected because he had proved himself lacking in the very things God must have in his leader. He disqualified himself by disobedience. Saul was clearly unrepentant in any true sense and was unable to fulfill the demands involved in the leadership of the people.

G. W. T.

Watch for the transparencies of Argo Red Salmon in your grocer's window.

THE SABBATH HOME AND THE SOUL'S HOME.

"The sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, Thine altars, O Lord of hosts." This picturesque utterance of the psalmist, who was homesick for God's house, often occurs to me on Sabbath mornings, as I see the pedestrians trooping along in their Sabbath attire. They do not saunter aimlessly, ready to turn in at the first church door that stands open. Each one has his or her destination; the sparrows are flying to their own nest. There are, indeed, some ecclesiastical tramps who wander about from church to church, sampling the preaching and the music, with about the same spirit that they go to a lecture hall or a concert. Such vagrants are the rolling stones which gather no moss. They take root nowhere, and, of course, can have no healthy growth. Occasionally there may be a case of awakening and conversion among these wandering auditors; but when that takes place a genuine convert will seek for a Sabbath home.

This is indispensable to a wholesome religious life. How absurd it would be for the thousands who cross yonder Brooklyn Bridge every evening to halt at any house they might fancy and turn in there for the night. Instead of that each sparrow seeks his own domestic nest, where wife and children wait to welcome father or brother after the day's work is over. Healthy domestic love is anchored to a place, and to those who cluster in it. I always recommend to young married folk to secure a home for themselves as soon as possible, even though it be furnished with a pine table. But a domestic home is not more needful than a spiritual home. To the loyal child of God the sanctuary becomes his feeding place, his soul's pasturage, his place of meeting with the brotherhood of Christ, and with that blessed spot all the sweetest, tenderest associations of his Christian life are linked. There is a prodigious meaning in that Bible phrase, "help from the sanctuary." A day of soul-feeding there helps us wondrously to stand the wear and tear and the temptations of the following week. The steadfast church-goer and the steadfast worshiper of Jehovah is the most likely to be the steadfast man of business or the thrifty housekeeper and trainer of the children.

This word "children" suggests a most important thought. The "swallow has a nest for herself where she may lay (or place) her young," and the house of God is the proper nestling spot and nursery for our children. A Sabbath home is just as vitally essential to them as a

domestic home through the week. We cannot rear our sons and daughters in Christian nurture and train them for Christ if we deny them what is indispensable to our own growth. If we need the worship, the instruction, the inspiration and the priceless blessings of God's house, so do they. Every minister should earnestly strive to attract the young, to interest them and to present the gospel so simply and winsomely that an average child of twelve years should be glad to listen to him. The children are the most important part of our congregations.

But "do they not have the Sunday school?" Yes, and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honor to the zealous, devoted Sunday school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be and never can be a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary. Bring your children with you to church, dear friends! It is their nestling place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews? How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday paper you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion gossip and scandals of those Sabbath-breakers, while you are listening to the sermon. Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ. Pray for this, and while



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you are leading them to the "altars of the God of hosts" do not cease to labor and to hope that their souls may find a home there also.

The very core idea of all true worship and all true service of Christ is that the soul is housed and homed in Him. Our hearts are very much like the birds. We fly hither and thither seeking some limb to light on that will give us rest. But the limbs break, or the tree in which we build our nests for selfish enjoyments is hewn down. Like Noah's dove we find no rest, and God never intended that we should find anything solid and safe and satisfactory to our immortal souls outside of Jesus Christ. Continually we hear the snapping off of some perch, or the fall of some bough on which poor, uneasy hearts were trying to find peace and enduring happiness. Only in one spot is the soul's deep hunger fed, only on one strong support does it find rest. Reader! you will be a homeless, hungry bird of passage, until you set your face toward Jesus. You need not create the home; you have only to find it. My blessed, loving, all-powerful Savior opens His divine heart to you and cries out: "Come unto me and ye shall find rest for your soul." Through an everlasting Sabbath He will be an ever-joyful home. —Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Try one can of Argo Red Salmon and you will use more.

MOUNTAINS OF THE BIBLE. VI.

Although willing to tarry in the fragrance of the flowers and cedars of the Mountains of Lebanon, we realize that we have not yet entered the heart of the Promised Land, where there are two or three mountains of deep interest to the follower of the Savior; and we turn our faces southward. We leave the Waters of Merom and the swelling River Jordan at our left, and off to the northwest of the Sea of Galilee, only a few miles west of Capernaum, there is a mountain that meets the conditions required for the Mount of Beatitudes, where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered by Jesus.

The animosity of his enemies had grown to such a degree that he felt the need of his Father's help, and went out into a mountain, where he continued all night in prayer. In the morning he called to him his disciples, chose from them twelve, and then descended to a lower plateau on the mountain where travelers tell us there is a level space that might accommodate about two thousand people; and there he delivered that series of "blessings," commonly called the Beatitudes.

The Sermon on the Mount, of which they are the opening sentences, is one of the most remarkable productions preserved by human beings. Merely from the intellectual point of view, it makes that mountain shine with eternal splendor; and men have been for centuries picturing the disciples and the multitudes crowding to Jesus and breathlessly listening to utterances that had nothing like them, even in feeble degree, since the old Hebrew prophets closed their lips, except the stirring words of John the Baptist. Any of the following points of the Sermon on the Mount would have made any literary writer or platform orator, of any age immortal:—the Beatitudes; the parable of the two builders (on rock and sand); the Golden Rule; the doctrine of moral perfection; the defense of the "law and the prophets;" the "Lord's Prayer;" "love your enemies;" "swear not at all;" give and pray secretly; "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;" "consider the lilies;" "judge not;" "by their fruits ye shall know them;" sonship to the Most High; "narrow is the gate that leadeth unto life;" "ask, and it shall be given you;" the burden of riches; the fatherhood of God.

Obedience to this one sermon would make a man prayerful, loving, spiritual, and "perfect; even as our Father in heaven is perfect." It reveals the brotherhood of man, and our kinship to heaven. It smites hypocrisy a dead blow,

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1:40	6:11	Caraleigh	t	9:10	4:20		
1:44	6:19	Sylvaola		9:01	4:15		
1:50	6:25	Barnes		8:33	4:07		
1:57	6:32	Hobby		8:45	4:00		
2:05	6:42	McCullers	t	8:40	3:56		
2:10	6:47	Banks	t	8:31	3:50		
2:20	7:00	Willow Springs	t	8:20	3:40		
2:28	7:10	Cardenas		8:10	3:33		
2:33	7:13	Varina	t	8:05	3:30		
2:43	7:23	Fuquay Springs		8:00	3:20		
2:50	7:30	Rawles		7:46	3:13		
2:57	7:40	Chalybeate		7:40	3:07		
3:02	7:45	Kipling		7:35	3:02		
3:15	8:00	Cape Fear		7:20	2:46		
3:21	8:08	Lillington		7:15	2:41		
3:28	8:16	Harnet		7:06	2:32		
3:33	8:21	Bunlevel		7:00	2:26		
3:43	8:32	Linden	T	6:50	2:16		
3:50	8:40	Carlos		6:41	2:09		
3:54	8:44	Buckner		6:37	2:05		
3:59	8:49	Slocumb		6:33	2:01		
4:08	9:00	Carver's Falls		6:23	1:51		
4:17	9:10	Tokay		6:16	1:44		
4:30	9:25	ArFayetteville	Lv	6:00	1:30		
JNO. A. MILLS, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.							

and undermines the whole theory of salvation by dogma. The disciple that obeys it has a flight higher than that of the "birds of the heaven, and a raiment more golden than that of the "lilies of the field." He learns that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and that the heavenly Father knows what man needs.

The Mount of Beatitudes may not be snow-capped; but it is in one sense so high that only the perfect man can climb it. It is so high that he who has mastered the principles of its great sermon is so near to the heavenly Father that he can feel the beating of the divine heart.

The Mount of Beatitudes is so high that he who reaches its top has risen out of the boggy swamps or lonely wastes of selfishness forever; he has passed out of the stupefying and poisonous carbonic acid gas of infidelity; he has escaped from the metaphysical fogs and darkening mists of dogmatic atonements or commercial redemptions; and with clear vision and a "pure heart he sees God."

On Mount Sinai only Moses might see God. On the Mount of Beatitudes any one may look.

Mount Sinai spells law. Mount of Beatitudes spells love.

The law of Mount Sinai bristles with negatives, was stony; but would, if obeyed, make the earth a paradise. The law of the Mount of Beatitudes is mel-

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low with the music of affirmatives, is alive with heavenly pulsations, and would take earth's paradise, prepared by stony law, and transform it into a spiritual heaven.

Mount Sinai, the mount of Moses' law, was near the Red Sea, the dividing gulf from heathen darkness and sinful oppression; and in a wilderness; and only glared to the Israelites for a short time with deterring lightnings. But the Mount of Beatitudes was in the Promised Land, and shines to this day with the winning smiles of Jesus' love.

J. J. Summerbell.

Dayton, Ohio.

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"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and his good deed will He pay him again."—Prov. 19:17.

Total reported last week.....\$901.57

Monthly Dues:

Addie Newman\$.20
 Clarence Newman20
 Sallie M. Marshall20
 John Hill10
 Stella Presson10

Monthly S. S. Offering:

Suffolk, Va., by O. S. Smith 11.65
 Wentworth, N. C., by L. D. Stephenson 1.25
 Mt. Auburn, N. C., by J. D. Moss, Sec. 1.00
 Wake Chapel, N. C., by Mrs. W. Z. Atkinson ... 1.75

Special Offering:

Mt. Auburn, N. C., Monthly Collection by W. W. Kimball, Treas. 3.34
 Children's Day Offering from Oak Grove, N. C., Christian Church, by L. S. Parker, Supt. 4.47
 18 Pictures sold by Rev. P. S. Sailer 4.50
 Amt. 26th week\$ 28.76

Total\$930.33

My Dear Children: Our little family is complete again. Lela and Tyler are home and report fine times with their relatives. Others will visit their friends during the month of August. Mrs. Susan Jones from Belews Creek gave the "Brown" children a pleasant surprise Tuesday, July 14. She is their aunt and came to spend the day with them. Needless to say that they and all our children are delighted when real "kin" people make them a visit. We wish to call attention again to the manner in which you send your money to the Corner. It is lost so often, you must be very careful. Just take a small piece of paste-board and slip the money between the

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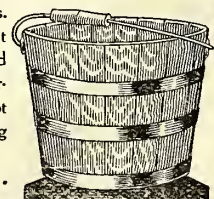
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layers of paper and it will come safely.

Mrs. Wilkins, of Bethlehem vicinity, gave us a call last week and left a dollar to be used in buying pins, needles, buttons, etc., which are needed so much.

We thank her very much. Make an effort these warm days, dear children, to do something for the Orphanage.

Yours cordially,

Uncle Jim.

Ivor, Va., July 13, 1908.

Dear Uncle Jim:

You will find enclosed 10 ets. for this month. I am sick cutting teeth. Hope all the cousins are well.

Lovingly,

Stella Presson.

Poor little girlie! Babies have a tough time of it, don't they, Stella? Hope you'll pull through safely.

Walnut Cove, N. C., July 9, 1908.

Dear Uncle Jim:

I will write and send my dues for this month and next, July and August. Mama has had us children picking black berries this week, and I tell you it is not much fun. I am raising ducks and turkeys this year. I have got nine little ducks and have had thirty-two turkeys hatched, and only three are living now. I want to know who can beat that.

Love to you and all the cousins.

Sallie M. Marshall.

Well, you had bad luck with the little turkeys, Sallie, but you made a good beginning. Try again, perhaps you'll do better.

1003 Nicholas St., Henderson, N. C.

Dear Uncle Jim:

It is a hard matter to be on time it seems. I am taking music now and it takes all of my time to spend on that. I am going with papa to the convention the twenty-first of this month. Enclosed please find forty cents, our dues for June and July. Will try to be more prompt next time. We have seven boarders now, and it works me pretty hard, too.

We will close.

Your niece and nephew,

Addie and Clarence Newman.

So you are mother's helper, are you, Addie? 'Tis so nice when little men and women try to take some of mother's burdens.

Sanford, N. C., July 13, 1908.

Dear Uncle Jim:

Here I come with my dime. Mama used to belong to the Band, so she wishes me to join.

John Hill.

Glad indeed to have you join, John. Your money was misplaced or lost in the mail, but we will not let your letter wait. Be real careful next time.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has passed on, but at least a sentence of his at the reunion of the Confederate veterans survives: "The lost cause was not wholly lost. The best fruits of the great conflict came to the South when the master was freed from the slave and the old icebergs of sectional hate were set adrift in the warm gulf stream of a new national patriotism."

DIED.**Duke.**

Mr. Richard Rufus Duke departed this life at his home, near Holland, Va., July 10, 1908, aged 72 years. The funeral services were conducted at the home by the writer and the remains buried in the family cemetery on the old Duke plantation. The deceased leaves a widow, Mrs. Susan M. Duke, one brother, Mr. J. M. Duke, and one sister, Mrs. Frances Hedgepath, to all of whom we extend Christian sympathy in their affliction.

N. G. Newman.

Croxton.

Sallie Virginia Croxton, daughter of Robert T. and Catharine Crews, was born February 5, 1859, being at the time of her death in her fiftieth year. Married to William T. Croxton, the Lord blessed the union with six children, four of whom, with her faithful and beloved husband, survive. Early in life she made a profession of faith in Christ, having been for several years an active and loyal member of Pleasant Grove Church, but in later life a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

After a lingering illness she died at her home in Halifax County, Va., July 4. The funeral was conducted Sunday afternoon at Pleasant Grove Christian Church, an immense congregation being present to pay their tribute of respect to this amiable friend, noble wife and mother, and most estimable Christian character. Her bereaved husband and children have our deepest sympathy.

J. O. Atkinson.

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Begin now. Address **WILBUR R. SMITH**, Lexington, Ky.

The Atlantic fleet of our navy has arrived at Honolulu where 3,200 of the soldier boys paraded the streets amid enthusiastic demonstrations.

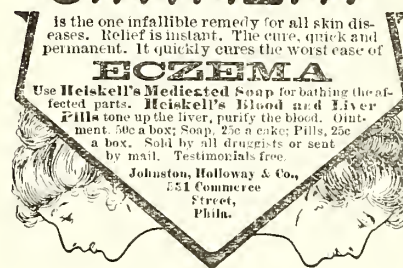
The Alaska Packers Association gives the heartiest support to the U. S. Pure Food Laws, and guarantees its Canned Salmon to meet all the requirements.

William Randolph Hearst, founder and promoter of the Independence League Party, has declared against William Jennings Bryan's candidacy and will use his and his League's influence (whatever that may be) to bring about Bryan's defeat.

Seven hundred men have been ordered by the Navy Department from naval training stations at Newport and Norfolk to join the vessels of the Pacific fleet at San Francisco. The Pacific fleet is soon to start on a cruise among the islands of the Pacific. Our navy seems busy these days.

General Stoessel who, as the world outside of Russia thought, defended so bravely Port Arthur against the Japanese, is now serving time in a Russian prison for cowardice in surrendering without more determined resistance, Port Arthur. The Russians indeed have a peculiar sense of courage, of cowardice—and of justice.

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FIELD NOTES.

It has been my intention for the last ten months to let the readers of The Sun know something of my pastoral work, but owing to the fact that I have been very busy with my school labors I have neglected to do so.

The churches I have in charge for this conference year are Palm Street Christian Church, Greensboro, N. C., and Pleasant Hill Christian Church, near Liberty, N. C. I go to Palm Street on the second and fourth Sundays. Preaching services at eleven o'clock a. m. and at eight o'clock p. m. The congregations here are usually large, and very attentive. Our membership is small, but faithful, and because of the faithfulness of this little band we have made the work at this place very hopeful, and I am encouraged with the work that this church is doing.

Our Sunday school is now the largest in the history of the school, the membership being about one hundred and thirty, with an average attendance of about ninety-five. The school is now doing organized class work, and is adding much to the improvement of the church building. One class has already purchased a bell for the church, another has painted the interior of the church, another has built a rostrum for the pulpit, and each of the other classes have something definite for which to make their contribution which will add to the comfort and beauty of the church. I believe it would be a good idea for every Sunday school to adopt this system of organized work. I consider it to be one of the main factors in building up a good live Sunday school. Bro. H. C. Simpson, one of Elon's old graduates, is the superintendent of our school, and I don't think I ever knew a more earnest worker in this noble cause than Bro. Simpson. He has done and is doing here a great work for a great cause. Elon needs to send out some more men like Bro. Simpson.

The week following the fourth Sunday in June I am happy to say that we conducted a very successful series of meetings. Rev. W. T. Herndon was with us and did the preaching. The Doctor seems to have been at his best, and he certainly gave us strong and effectual sermons, and so simple that a child could understand them. The meeting resulted in about thirty-three conversions and eleven accessions to the church, making a total number of sixteen that I have received into the church for the last few weeks, and the most of these are grown young men and women. I think there will be others to join at my next appointment. I am so grateful to God that we

have had such a glorious meeting. The Spirit of the Lord was with us in every service, and my heart was made to rejoice in seeing so many precious souls brought into the fold of Christ. May the Lord help them to hold out faithful.

My work at Pleasant Hill seems to be getting on very nicely. I preach here on the first Saturdays and Sundays, preaching on Saturday at three o'clock p. m., and on Sunday at eleven. Here we have very large and attentive congregations. I am always glad to meet with these good people, and I trust that my mingling with them has not only been a pleasure and profit to me, but to the people as well.

Our Sunday school here is very encouraging. I believe we now have a membership of about ninety-five, with an average attendance of about seventy-five. Miss Donna Euliss is our superintendent and she is a very earnest Sunday school worker.

My work as a whole is very encouraging, and seems to be progressing, but there is room for improvement.

On the 4th of July it was my pleasure to be with the people of Pleasant Hill in their celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first temperance society that was ever organized in North Carolina. It was organized in the year 1833 at Pleasant Hill Christian Church by a Rev. Mr. Whitet, and it has been kept up ever since. I understand that two members of the society are living who joined in the year 1834. They were not able to be out with us last Saturday, but there were a good many present who have been members for fifty years or more. The present membership of the society, counting the living and the dead, is now about two thousand. When the society was organized there were about twenty-five charter members. These are dead, but their influence still lives. They and many others who have passed off the stage of action, who were faithful to a great cause, and because of their faithfulness, North Carolina today stands for State prohibition, and we should ever praise God for this wonderful victory. Miss Eula Dixon is president of the Pleasant Hill Society, and I think she is to be congratulated for arranging such an interesting program for this occasion. Mrs. Mary Woody, of Guilford College, was the speaker for the morning hour, and she gave us a most able address. Subject, "Veterans of the Cause." Mr. E. S. W. Dameron, of Burlington, was the speaker for the afternoon hour, and he too entertained us with a very forcible and practical address. Subject, "Fourth of July Oration." The attendance was large, and the occasion seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed

by all and most especially did the older members of the society rejoice when Mrs. Woody in her very impressive manner reminded them of the stand which they had taken long years ago for the betterment of our State.

The effects of this temperance society have certainly been felt about Pleasant Hill. Just a few weeks ago, in our last quarterly meeting, one of the deacons reported that every male member of the church who was old enough to vote voted for prohibition.

W. L. Wells.

Elon College, N. C.

TWENTY-FOUR BIBLE REVIVALS.

A Revival by the Book, Gen. 32:24-30.

A Revival led by a Lawyer, Exod. 33.

A Revival led by a Judge, 1 Sam. 7: 1-14.

A Revival led by a King, 2 Kings 34: 1-4 and 21-25.

A Revival of Bible Reading, Neh. 8: 1-12.

A Revival of Sabbath Keeping, Neh. 13:15-22.

The Baptist's Revival, Matt. 3:1-12.

A Revival in the Streets, Matt. 21: 1-17.

A Personal Work Revival, John 1: 35-51.

A Woman's Revival, John 4:28-42.

A Revival in a Graveyard, John 11: 30-45.

A Revival in the City, Acts 3:1-4, 41-47.

A Revival in the Church, Acts 4:23-27.

A Revival Growing out of Fear, Acts 5:1-14.

A Revival Growing out of Persecution, Acts 8:1-13.

A Revival in a Carriage, Acts 8:26-40.

An Unlawful Revival, Acts 10:28-48.

A Laymen's Revival, Acts 11:19-26.

A Sabbath Day Revival, Acts 13:44-52.

A Revival by the River Side, Acts 16:9-15.

A Revival in a Jail, Acts 16:23-34.

A Holy Ghost Revival, Acts 19:1-20.

A Revival in Rome, Acts 28:30-31; Phil. 1:12-14; 4:22.—Epworth Herald.

The Atlantic fleet of the U. S. navy, sixteen great battleships strong, sailed out of the Golden Gate, San Francisco, on the homeward journey for Hampton Roads July 7. On the journey five seas will be traversed and the ultimate destination will be reached the latter part of February, 1909. When the fleet steams into Hampton Roads the entire earth will have been encircled by this journey. A stop is to be made in Australia, which government has raised a fund of \$500,000 with which to royally entertain our sailors and soldiers.

MISSIONARIES.

(Editorial from the New York Times, April 24, 1908.)

It is not without significance that on successive days two statesmen so eminent as Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryce should be discussing the work of missionaries in non-Christian lands in the same spirit, and that spirit favorably to the missionaries and severely critical of the classes among whom the missionaries are most often decried. Both these gentlemen, it must be remembered, have in the course of their work in public life had to deal with the countries to which missions are sent, and to deal with them in a responsible manner. Mr. Bryce has been a member of the British Parliament and of the British Government. He has been a careful student of the affairs of the British Oriental possessions and dependencies. Mr. Taft has had to concern himself with the Philippines and their varied tribes of natives, some Mohammedan, some pagan, and some Christian, and has had to study the general Oriental question. Both agree that the missionaries have, as a class, been faithful, pure disinterested, and truly benevolent.

Both agree in substance that it is the non-religious and irreligious among the Occidentals who have been directly or indirectly responsible for the hostility that has been developed against the Christians. This has come about largely through the covetousness, the cruelty, the unscrupulousness of the foreigners having to do with a weaker and, therefore with a more or less despised race. And both urge the duty, which seems plain enough in the light of mere morality, resting upon the so-called civilized Governments to control and restrain, as far as possible, their own people in their intercourse with the natives. Happily this now is the spirit of Occidental Governments, our own and those of Europe, far more than it was even a generation since. The practical application of this spirit is at all times difficult. Has not Mr. Taft discovered that the most un-Christian motives he has had to contend with in seeking justice for the Filipinos prevail in the breasts of the beet sugar planters of the West and of the tobacco growers of the Connecticut Valley? And the British Government has had like experiences in connection with its attempts to control the opium traffic. But it is to be noted, on the other hand, that Messrs. Taft and Bryce are actually assuming the role of missionaries to their own people, and are preaching the gospel of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us.

OUR TEACHERS.

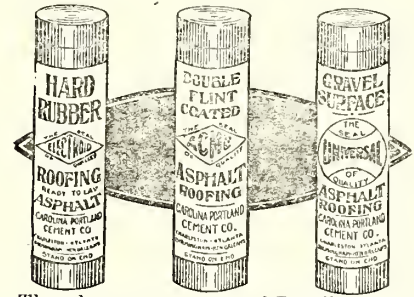
We give greeting to the body of men and women who met at Charlotte last week to confer for a little while upon the great business in which they have enlisted of spreading the light. Next to the preachers of the gospel, the teachers of our State take the highest place. They are not paid much for their high service, but this very fact rids the profession of the grafters. As a whole, they are perhaps the most unselfish of all our public servants; and no other class within our knowledge are more sincerely anxious to equip themselves for the work they are trying to do. There were numbers of teachers in Charlotte, no doubt, who from their meager salaries barely saved enough to pay their expenses to the Assembly, and who freely and joyously spent it all that they might the better do the work next fall. They must forego the pleasure of a trip to the mountains or the sea, and deny themselves every other luxury because they spent their all upon this worthy effort to improve themselves. Talk about self-sacrifice! Here you find it, brethren. We know cultured women right now who are spending half their salaries for their board, and at the end of the term, unless they have practiced the most rigid economy, find themselves financially stranded. But they throw themselves into their work with as much enthusiasm as though they were decently paid for their fine service. We hope the day will come when our teachers are paid what they earn, but whether it comes or not, these noble light-bearers will go right on leading the children out of the darkness into the day.—Cnarity and Children.

Unless there is a reserve of enthusiasm stored on the hills, the humblest wheel cannot be driven in the valley. He who contributes just this one rare thing—self-sacrificing devotion—to his cause, has done his part. Six hundred English dragoons once received a foolish order and rode to their death like heroes. "Magnificent," said a French general, "but not war." It was magnificent, and perhaps it was war; for it fired the imagination of England and raised the standard of duty for a century. One who can plan is good; far better is the man who can stimulate. History affords at every turn some impregnable fortress that was the despair of the wise and prudent, but was carried by some enthusiast with a rush. He cast his reputation, his life, his all into the breach, and his body made the bridge over which the race has entered into its heritage.—Ian Maclaren.

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NEWS ITEMS.

A French inventor has made a gun that can fire 20 times a second, 1,200 times a minute.

A sixteen-year-old girl in Ashton. R. I., failing the other day to pass an examination in stenography, committed suicide by drowning.

They are not only talking, but voting and acting church union in Canada. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in that Dominion decided by a vote of 156 to 32 to unite with the Methodist and Congregational Churches.

The Postmaster General directs the mails to be barred against all papers having anarchistic tendencies. Good. Anarchism is an eating sore on the body politic and should be uprooted and destroyed.

America is not the only country in the world in which merit is recognized, and wins. President Fallieres, of France, came up from the masses, his grandfather being a blacksmith. Reminds one of a boy going from rail-splitting to the White House.

Col. Luke E. Wright, of Memphis, Tenn., who has been appointed Secretary of War to succeed Mr. Taft, is a Confederate veteran and was till recently a Democrat. This reminds one of the recognition of real fitness President Cleveland paid to Roger Q. Gresham, a former Republican, in making him his Secretary of State.

The balloonists have various troubles. Mr. Charles J. Glidden recently made a trip in his own balloon and had the disagreeable experience of being shot at, while in the air, by a rifleman, charged by a ferocious bull after the balloon had landed, and attacked by a savage dog when he sought to enter a nearby farm yard.

Secretary Taft has been a reporter, assistant prosecuting attorney, collector of internal revenue, a private lawyer, assistant county solicitor, judge of a superior court, solicitor general at Washington, circuit court judge, a dean and professor in a law college, president of the United States Commission to the Philippines, first civil governor of the Philippines, and secretary of war. To settle various important difficulties he has visited Italy, Panama, and the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, most of them several times. He has three times refused the position of justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And he is not yet fifty-one years old.—Exchange.

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Original policy 2,500.00

Total paid-up policy\$4,265.00
Total premiums paid 1,541.60

Insurance exceeds premiums paid by\$2,723.40
The additions to the original policy are\$1,765.00
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